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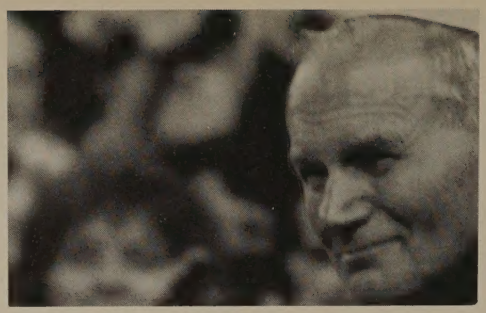

Juan de Yzaguirre Lopez

2 *John Paul II in the USA.: "Jesus Christ makes us sharers in what He is. Through His incarnation, the Son of God in a certain manner united Himself with every human being. In our inmost being He has re-created us; in our inmost being He has reconciled us with ourselves, reconciled us with our brothers and sisters: He is our peace."*

3 *Family life: Tom and Mary Hartmann liv Brooklyn with their eight children. T have been involved in the New Fa Movement for the past six years.*

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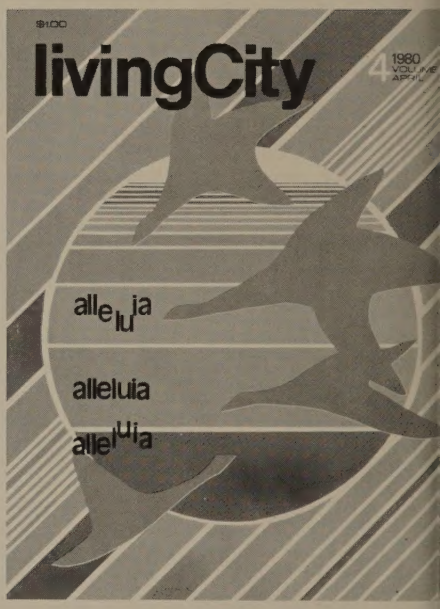

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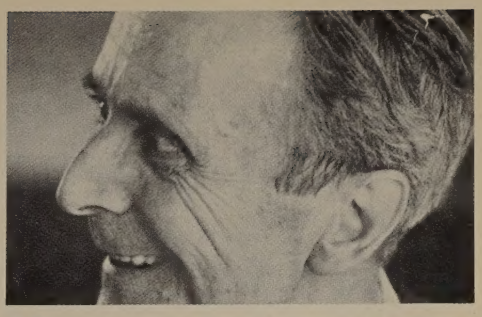
St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was the disciple of St. John. In the year 107 the emperor Trajan forced the Christians to choose between apostasy and death. When Ignatius was condemned by him to be torn to pieces by wild beasts at Rome, he thanked God who had so honored him.

11 *Fontem, West Cameroon, is the site where one of the small cities, called Permanent Mariapolises, is being built by the Focolare Movement. The medical team of the hospital of Fontem attained a complete victory over sleeping sickness caused by the tsetse fly.*



16 *Learning to Live: In this article Igino Giordani, former deputy of the Italian parliament and a prolific writer, shares his insights on the way to embark on a life that is really true.*

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A program of life

POPE JOHN PAUL II IN THE U.S.

"JESUS DOES NOT MERELY GIVE US PEACE. HE GIVES US HIS PEACE ACCOMPANIED BY HIS JUSTICE. HE BECOMES OUR PEACE AND OUR JUSTICE."

PEACE!

We continue the publication of excerpts from the talks given by Pope John Paul II during his visit to the United States last October. His words are unforgettable, and as we said in the previous issues, a program of life to ponder, cherish and fulfill.

"Peace be with you!"

These were the first words that Jesus spoke to His apostles after His resurrection. With these words the risen Christ restored peace to their hearts, at a time when they were still in a state of shock after the first terrible experience of Good Friday. Tonight, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the power of His spirit, in the midst of a world that is anxious about its own existence, I repeat these words to you, for they are words of life: "Peace be with you!"

Jesus does not merely give us peace. He gives us His peace accompanied by His justice. He becomes our peace and our justice.

What does this mean? It means that Jesus Christ — the Son of God made man, the perfect man — perfects, restores and manifests in Himself the unsurpassable dignity that God wishes to give to man from the beginning. He is the one who realizes in Himself what man has the vocation to be: the one who is fully reconciled with the Father, fully one in Himself, fully devoted to others. Jesus Christ is living peace and living justice.

Jesus Christ makes us sharers in what He is. Through His incarnation, the Son of God in a certain manner united Himself with every human being. In our inmost being He has reconciled us with God, reconciled us with our brothers and sisters: He is our peace.

What unfathomable riches we bear within us, and in our Christian communities! We are bearers of the justice and peace of God! We are not primarily painstaking builders of a justice and peace that are merely human, always wearing out and always fragile. We are primarily the humble beneficiaries of the very life of God, who is justice and peace in the bond of charity. During Mass, when the priest greets us with these words: "The peace of the Lord be with you always," let us think primarily of this peace which is God's gift: Jesus Christ our peace. And when, before Communion, the priest invites us to give one another a sign of peace, let us think primarily of the fact that we are invited to exchange with one another the peace of Christ who dwells within us, who invites us to share in His Body and Blood, for our joy and for the service of all humanity.

For God's justice and peace cry out to bear fruit in human works of justice and peace, in all the spheres of actual life. When we Christians make Jesus Christ the center of our feelings and thoughts, we do not turn away from people and their needs. On the contrary, we are caught up in the eternal movement of God's love that comes to meet us; we are caught up in the movement of the Holy Spirit, who visits the poor, calms fevered hearts, binds up wounded hearts, warms cold hearts, and gives us the fullness of His gifts. The reason why man is the primary and fundamental way for the Church is that the Church walks in the footsteps of Jesus: it is Jesus who has shown her this road. This road passes in an unchangeable way through the mystery of the Incarnation and Redemption; it leads from Christ to man. The Church looks at the world through the very eyes of Christ; Jesus is the principle of the solicitude for man (cf. Redemptor hominis, 13-18). ■

(To some 80,000 faithful of New York at Yankee Stadium on October 2, 1979)

FAMILY LIFE

Weakened family life is one of the greatest social ills of our time.
The "New Family" Movement has as its aim to bring the Focolare spirit of unity into family life, so that each family will be deeply united within itself and with other families.

STOP! GIVE US AN HOUR

The following is an interview with the Hartmann family. Tom and Mary live in Brooklyn with their eight children. Tom works at Brooklyn College teaching English literature, while Mary is a registered nurse. They have been involved in the New Family Movement for the past six years.

We asked them some questions about their personal lives and the relationship they have with one another as a family.

Here are some of their answers.

TOM: I will start from the time I was in elementary school. It was there that I felt the presence of God for the first time. I remember sitting in church and realizing that I was different from the other children, that I was an individual person made by God. It kind of frightened me, yet I understood that it was a special gift because I could see my own separateness from other people and, at the same time, that we were all children of God. At that moment I really felt I had to do something for God. I remember that a Maryknoll missionary came to my school soon after that and while he was talking I felt a little fire burning, as if I should give my life to God as a missionary.

MARY: I was born in the Philippines. As a child we did not have too much materially but we always had enough of those things that were necessary to live. We were several families of relatives who lived together in my aunt's house. My relatives were very loving, kind, and religious. It seemed to me as I was growing up that they loved God very much. They made me aware that going to Mass and Communion were important and I had to make them a part of my life also.

I can recall, for example, every year on my birthday I never received presents as other children did, but I put on my best clothes and went to Mass and Communion. I remember feeling very happy in that church with Jesus, a feeling of wanting to thank him for all the things that I had received during the year.

Many years later when I was about twenty or twenty-one years old, I went through a difficult moment. The experiences of my childhood then came back to me. It was a crisis situation and there was no one else to turn to except Jesus and Mary. I think that all that I had received up to that day helped me to grow in my love for them.

TOM: Later, I studied to be a teacher, and after college I got a job at Brooklyn College teaching Renaissance literature.

I met Mary through mutual friends while she was studying nursing. I was attracted to her for many reasons, including my impression that we had the same ideals spiritually. I am an idealist and my expectations are always very high. Therefore, I expected quite a lot of Mary and I still do. I guess I expected that we would have not only a good family life, but also a mutual spiritual life — in some sense that we would get along by living according to our deepest religious values, not just because we liked the same things.

MARY: I came to the United States when I was sixteen to study. I wanted to become a nurse because I felt that I could help people who were sick and suffering. It was a way of loving them and doing something good for them, sharing their sufferings in some way and relieving them in whatever way I could.

When I met Tom I was going through a time of turmoil. He was always ready to sit and listen to me. Something that really attracted me very much was to see how he was willing to give of himself, of his time.

I was very happy when, a few years later, we decided to get married. I thought ours would be the most beautiful family in the world, with many children and a nice home.

Later I realized that even if I had married a very nice man, someone who was also devoted to the idea of the family, something was still missing in myself and also in our relationship. Yet, I didn't know what.

Then something happened to both of us, something which changed our lives.

TOM: I was president of the Parish Council and our pastor asked me to visit and investigate a new group which had moved into our parish. During that first evening at the Focolare Center, it seemed that my whole life was somehow coming together. I had been going to Mass daily, and keeping up with the sacraments, but a full Christian life somehow kept illuding me. I had always been searching for a new way to make it come true. For this reason the spirituality of the Focolare immediately attracted me. I could in a sense see the possibility of putting together my desire to love God totally and yet remain totally in the world. God was giving me what I had been waiting for with a very empty feeling for a long time. It was up to me now to give God the first place in my life. I felt that this spirituality of unity was offering me a way to live my Christianity and I had to start all over again like a child.

I wanted this way of life also for Mary and the children and yet I knew that they had to choose it themselves. My part was to start living it, to go ahead, to become a better father and a better husband fulfilling the will of God for me. I had to leave them free.

Mary Hartmann with Maria (age 3)

MARY: Tom met the Movement first and about a week later I went to the Center, more out of curiosity than anything else. We had always done everything together. Now, all of a sudden, he was somehow separated from me for the first time in all those years. He was so enthusiastic about his new discovery that I had to go and find out what it was all about.

During my first visits, however, I didn't really understand too much. All I felt was that there was a lot of joy there. I met people I had never known before and somehow I felt I was part of their family. So I kept going back for a few months. Then summer came and we went to the Mariapolis.[1]

The theme that year was "God is Love." I came home with a much deeper understanding that God loved me. I guess I had always felt that I wasn't good enough, that I would never make it to live the life of a fully dedicated Christian. The experience of that summer made me realize that God loves me the way I am. This gave me the courage to say, "I'm going to try!"

I remembered that when I had first heard the story of how the Focolare Movement started, I had been struck by the fact that Chiara[2] chose to do the will of God in order to show her love for him in a concrete way. I guess I was struck because I did not think too much in terms of doing the will of God. I had always decided to do things mainly because I wanted to do them.

At that time I was working part-time as a nurse and trying to take care of our four children, all under four years of age. I was struggling through the day and becoming always more tense. I felt a conflict within myself but I tried to forget it because I really wanted to work. The desire of doing God's will instead of mine made me re-evaluate my situation. There were many elements indicating that my family needed me while there was no real need for me to work. It was painful at the moment but I did quit working. It was the right choice, I believe, and this has been confirmed many times over because of the peace and joy that I obtained from trying to do the will of God instead of my own.

Also, one time I remember feeling a little low. I was caught up in doing my house chores which were not too stimulating, and I thought how much better I would feel if I could do something greater. As I was diapering the baby, however, and feeling this way, it suddenly occurred to me that I had chosen God and in order to love him, I wanted to do his will. So changing the baby's diaper, which seemed so small a task, became no longer small, if I did it out of love. This gave me a lot of joy and a push to go ahead doing the littlest things out of love.

TOM: My whole concept of what a family could be changed when I understood that if we were united in his name we could have a family with Jesus in our midst. I had never thought of that before.

I knew I had to change many things. To be united in his name meant to be united in his love, to be ready to give our lives for one another. I saw myself more clearly and saw an old-fashioned authoritarian father. I had to learn (and I'm still learning) to try to do things in unity with Mary. We've discovered that when we sit down and talk about things and have that love for each other which Jesus wants us to have, then he is the one who really makes the decisions and we don't go off in different directions so much. More and more we make our decisions together. We feel that we are doing the will of God and we have a kind of peace that we never had before.

Living very close to someone in marriage is difficult. Our moods change and many times we tend to be almost like a rasp or a file, hurting each other and roughing the skins of each other. More and more now I try to transform these moments into occasions to love Jesus in Mary. It is a beautiful experience that is bringing us closer also as husband and wife.

MARY: Unity in a family is really something beautiful. When it's missing, therefore, I really don't know where to turn. To be without the presence of Jesus in our midst is like a taste of what hell must be like. The only solution is to start loving again.

The biggest disunity can start with the smallest incident. A couple of weeks ago, we decided we would take a family photograph to send to our many relatives who live far away. We usually do this every year. We all came home from church one Sunday and since we were all dressed up we thought that this was the perfect day for our picture. My sister, Rowena, was going to be the photographer but she needed some time to get ready. Annamarie, our one-year-old started to get cranky because it was her naptime and Tom felt that she wouldn't make it to stay awake and in good humor to take the family picture. I, in the meantime, was sure that she would be all right. Some time passed and my sister still did not appear. It seemed that every time Tom said something, I did just the opposite and every time I suggested something, Tom wanted to do the opposite. I was getting very upset and so was he. Finally, my sister was ready to shoot the family picture and Tom suggested that we all sit on the couch. I immediately said, "No, we won't fit there. We're too many this year!" All of a sudden, everything was out of control and unity was gone. I took one harsh look at Tom and left the room. I didn't know what to do with myself. I had to cool off and yet I felt bad because I knew that I had caused the break in unity. I went for a walk to run away from the whole situation but I understood that this was not the solution. I came back home still struggling. After tempers cooled, we talked things over and made a pact to start again. In that moment, we had to put our failure in the mercy of God and begin loving each other again. It was like a new day.

Later that evening, two of our daughters who share the same room were having arguments and didn't want to live together anymore. Tom and I reminded them of our failure to love each other that morning and told them how we started to love again. Then we suggested that they might try to do the same thing. Apparently the girls understood, for the next day they announced that they were glad to be sharing the same room.

TOM: When we don't have Jesus in our midst, I personally feel very chaotic. As a father, it's difficult for me to apologize to my children, to tell them that I have to begin again — also because I'm a professor and I think professors have an occupational hazard of being proud. It's easy to think you know everything, not only when you happen to be teaching. Yet when I do apologize, it's usually very beautiful because we have a deeper rapport than we had before.

Tom Hartmann with Annamarie (age 1)

MARY: We always try to encourage the children to do the will of God as much as possible. Some of them, for example, have difficulty with math and it always seems like a big ordeal to do their math homework. In these moments, we usually try to encourage them by letting them know that we're there to help with difficult problems and that sometimes we have to do things that aren't always too pleasing to us but would be love for someone else — in this case, it would be love for their teachers — to do what they were asked to do.

TOM: But this relationship is a two-way street. The children have also helped me to resolve an intellectual problem I had. When I had studied the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas in school, I had been deeply impressed by two things he said that somehow seemed at odds with each other. On the one hand, he said we cannot love what we don't know and thus there was a primacy of knowledge over choice; for, quite simply, we cannot choose unless we know what to choose. I liked this very much, largely because it offered me a way to justify spending so much time trying to increase my knowledge. At the same time though, I felt deep down that I was spending too little time loving my neighbor.

St. Thomas also said, however, that the Christian is called not to be perfect in knowing but to be perfect in charity, in loving. Moreover, he said that men are capable of a certain connatural knowledge, a kind of knowledge that comes from uniting oneself with something or someone by loving it. This always seemed like a deep mystery to me, for it seemed to mean that in certain areas of life there was no primacy of knowledge but a primacy of love.

For years I was fascinated with the possible answers to this apparent contradiction. I felt that St. Thomas could not make a real contradiction because not only was he a great saint, a doctor of the Church, and the patron saint of education, but he was after all, my own special patron saint.

I have gradually come closer to an answer, at least for myself. And the answer, strange to say, came not so much from thinking but from doing something about it. The light came from life — and that in itself was the answer. This is where the children were of great help.

(continued on page 7)

The Hartmann children are all Gen. Here they share with our readers some of their experiences on how they try to love God and one another concretely in their everyday life.

TOMMY, age 11

I'm the oldest and I have more responsibility than the others. I have to take care of the little kids, and stop them from fighting or help them to play together. We share a lot. Sometimes it is difficult. Like this time after selling Christmas cards for this company. I had the choice to get money or a prize. I chose money because I wanted to get a radio. I looked in the catalog and I got it. Now when Peter wants to use it I let him use it, if Christine wants to use it, I let her use it. When I want to use it and they want to use it and they want to bring it to another room, I go into the other room and listen to it, while they are listening so that we can all listen at the same time and love one another.

Friday night Mom wasn't feeling very well - she was very tired. And Daddy was at a meeting. I told Mom to lie down on the couch and I took care of my baby sister, Anna. I did this because I loved Jesus in my mother. And if Jesus were here, I would take care of little Anna for him. After that I got the hundredfold because my mom said I could watch a T.V. show that I was waiting to see for a long time. It was a very funny and exciting show. I also liked taking care of Anna.

CHRISTINA (left), age 10

To be a Gen for me is like everything. It's really a good ideal – it is to love God so it's something you can depend on. It's not like false things. Like someone can tell you this is the right thing one day and the next day you find it's not right. But Gen is like a rock because it teaches you to love God and God doesn't crumble. It's really beautiful.

I pray as much as possible. We always pray at night together as a family. But in the morning I try to get up and say morning prayers. Even if I am in a hurry, to say, "Jesus this whole day is for you. And I'm going to do everything what you ask me to do and if I don't then forgive me."

My two sisters like dolls. I have a lot of dolls and I keep them on my bed for decoration. I don't really play with them. I also have some little stickers and stuff like that and they like to play with that also. Sometimes I don't feel like giving my things to them, because I think they might break something, or wreck it or crush it. But then, in order to love them, I share everything with them.

MARIA (left), age 3

*I love Kilcoyne [*He is a 75 year old widower who lives alone next door.*] I played with him. He has little books inside his house. I ate candy at his house, because I was hungry. My shoe laces were untied so I asked Kilcoyne to tie it. I love Kilcoyne by playing with him when he comes over to my house too. I give him my dollies.*

JENNIFER, age 7

When I was at school, I got some homework. It was in reading, with questions like what does the poem mean, and how does it rhyme? It was very hard and I didn't want to do it. But I wanted to love my teacher, so I did it. And I got the hundredfold because I got a hundred on it.

MATTHEW, age 5

When me and my Dad were going to the grocery market. I saw an old man and I said. "Hi!" and waved. I told Daddy that the old man couldn't walk so well so I should help him. He was walking with a stick. I wanted to help the old man cause he might fall down. Then me and my dad went outside the car and I said "Hi!" to the old man again. He liked it a lot and he said he hopes I'd live a hundred years.

PETER (first from the left), age 9

When we play chess, me and my brother Matthew, we tell him most of the moves but to love Jesus in him I let him have some of the moves and we have lots of fun.

(TOMMY: Matthew is just learning how to play chess. Peter and I are teaching him now. Chess is only for two people but we make up teams to help each other and play together and we congratulate the loser and the winner.)

(continued from page 5)

There was a time when I used to respond to the fighting among my sons with either a loud yell at both of them or a swift whack on the behind of the one I thought was most at fault; usually the older boy got the most blame. I still have the urge to do this as I discovered the other day, but now I have learned to check my quick reaction and stop to listen to their stories of what caused the fight. At first, this seemed terribly inefficient, a big waste of time. But as I tried to love them by listening and giving them more time, I discovered some positively delightful things about my sons. Not only did I discover that my impulse to punish both sons, or to hold the older one responsible, was often unfair, but I also discovered how beautiful and complex those boys really are.

In short, what I discovered was simply that by loving my sons I could get a much deeper knowledge of them than I could by merely observing them — even in view of all the psychology books I have read.

I have finally seen what St. Thomas meant by connatural knowledge — the knowledge that comes from loving. For I know that the deepest knowledge I have of my sons comes not so much from what I think about them, but from making myself one with them. By doing this — without intending it or expecting it — I am getting to know them. ■

1. The annual gathering of the Focolare Movement held each summer.
2. Chiara Lubich is the foundress and president of the Focolare Movement.

WORD OF LIFE

"Blest are they who have not seen and have believed" (John 20:29).

These words can be found towards the end of the Gospel of St. John. You remember, perhaps, that Jesus said them to Thomas, the Apostle who was not present when the risen Christ appeared to his disciples for the first time. The others had told Thomas, "We have seen the Lord!" It was hard for him to believe this and he exclaimed, "I will never believe it without probing the nailprints in his hands . . ."

Thomas is the prototype of all those who, like he, have not received the news of the Resurrection directly from Jesus, but through the testimony of the apostles, or through their successors, the Bishops. Actually, Thomas represents all the generations that have come after the time of Jesus, all those who find themselves in the situation of having to believe without seeing.

Jesus says this beatitude for you, and for all of us who believe in the Gospel:

"Blest are they who have not seen and have believed."

Thomas later did see Jesus. He had been called to be one of his Apostles, and eyewitness to his Resurrection. The vision of the risen Christ was so powerful for him that his faith became stronger. He no longer needed "proof." At that moment, he uttered those splendid words which show how deeply he had understood who Jesus is: "My Lord and my God!"

"Blest are they who have not seen and have believed."

What does Jesus want to teach you today with these words?

He wants to impress upon you and on all those who did not live at the same time as he, that you have not received less than the Apostles. Jesus wants to tell you that you are not less fortunate than those who saw him. You have faith and this is — so to speak — the new way "to see" Jesus. With faith you can approach Jesus, understand him more deeply and meet him in the center of your heart. In the same way, you can find him present among two or more persons united in his name, or in the Church which continues Christ on earth.

Your faith is based on the testimony, handed down through the centuries, of those who saw Jesus with their own eyes. Even if many centuries have passed, you are not farther away from Christ and his blessings.

When Jesus was about to return to his Father and prayed for his disciples, whom he was leaving in the world, he remembered you also. He said, "I do not pray for them alone. I pray also for those who will believe in me through their word."

"Blest are they who have not seen and have believed."

These words of Jesus are still calling you today to revive your faith, without waiting for special manifestations or signs in order to go ahead in your spiritual life. They tell you not to doubt that Christ is present in your life and in history, even if sometimes you may be tempted to think he is far away.

With these words, Jesus tells you to abandon yourself in God with confidence and with a living faith. He wants you to believe in his love, even when you find yourself in difficult situations or when you feel overwhelmed by impossible circumstances.

"Blest are they who have not seen and have believed."

Finally, these words of Jesus are inviting you to set aside your narrow human logic, to avoid getting trapped in rationalism. They invite you to accept something which goes beyond you — that is, the great truths of the faith, like the mystery of God, of Christ and the Resurrection. These mysteries surpass the limits of our intelligence and are beyond any scientific scrutiny.

Chiara Lubich

EXPERIENCES

The following are experiences that some of our readers shared with us in living the Gospel.

A CELEBRATION

Last December 24th the two of us were together in Newark, Ohio to celebrate together Christmas Eve. In fact although we live 400 miles apart, we try to meet as often as possible. The climax of the Midnight celebration was the Baptism of two adults who had become Catholics also because of the witness of our unity.

Moreover, we were hoping to celebrate the Eucharist in the parish also on Christmas day, but unfortunately we found out that all the parishes around were taken care of. This made us think of Mary and Joseph for whom there was no room at the inn. Having been missionaries for many years, and having traveled around the world we were used to having the joy of celebrating the Christmas Eucharist and to proclaim the Good News to large crowds. It was different to celebrate the Eucharist, only the two of us, in the small seminary chapel.

During the celebration, however, we realized that also the first Christmas Mary and Joseph were alone. We remembered the word of life for the month of December, that God "looked upon the lowliness of his servant" and we felt the love of God for us. Jesus was going to be born in the midst of us and we were for Him like the swaddling clothes. Also the Gospel was speaking of Mary contemplating and pondering in her heart all the words told her by the shepherds.

Our celebration of Christmas began to brighten up while our confreres started to arrive for the Christmas dinner. In the afternoon we celebrated the third Mass of Christmas as in the morning by ourselves. Another observation of the commentary to the word of life struck us: "God is not afraid to tarnish the image of his greatness by siding with the weak, the defenseless and the poor." That's the reason why we happily agreed to spend the rest of the evening visiting Jesus in a number of people falling under these categories. In a special way we tried to love Him in a prisoner who had just been jailed and we were happy to go out of our way to bring him Holy Communion.

This was the best Christmas we ever had because we were close to Christ in prayer and humility and in the suffering members of his Body.

Father A. C.
and Father B. P.

ON THE JOB

I am a carpenter and work in construction. In my work, I find that there are many opportunities to live the Gospel.

For example, one of the men that I was working with was ostracized by the rest of the men. No one wanted to talk with him or bother with him. At lunch break and the coffee breaks he was always off on his own. So I thought I could love him by just sitting beside him and having my lunch and my coffee with him. I did this for about a week, and then two weeks, and eventually everyone else started talking to him.

Then there was my superintendent. One day he had his lunch with us which was unusual. Generally the superintendent has his lunch on his own, so it seemed that he wanted to talk to someone. He tried to reach out to everyone, but the men were all afraid to talk to him because they might get into an argument or something and it would would mean their job. But there was one other man there who seemed to listen and try to converse with him during the day. So I sat with the superintendent, got this other man to sit beside him at lunchtime as well, and we started a new rapport with him.

P. K.

MY SISTER'S DRESS

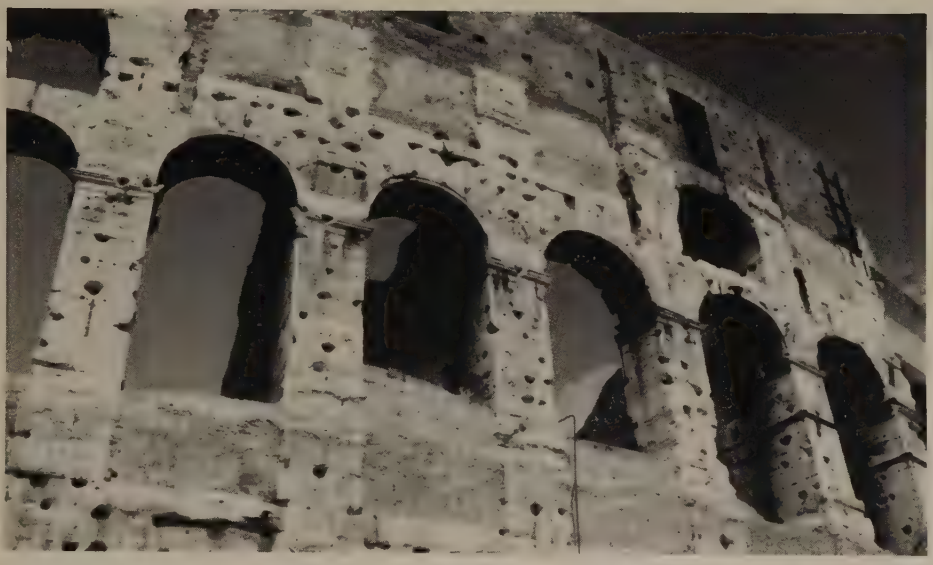
One morning just before a Gen 4 meeting I was getting my little sister Marie dressed. My mother told me that Marie's dress had to be ironed. She told me that my big sister would do it. Later I went to wake her up, but she was too tired to get up, so I did the ironing. Afterwards I wanted someone to tell me that it was done well, but then I remembered what the word of life said, and it said "Be careful not to do your acts of righteousness before men to be seen by them." I was happy to have done it for Jesus and not just to be complimented.

M. S.

(continued on page 24)

by SILVANO COLA

Ignatius of Antioch



ECHO OF THE APOSTLES

Today, when the Church is attracting more attention than ever before, it would be interesting and useful to rediscover in St. Ignatius of Antioch the feeling for the Church that existed in the period immediately after the Apostles.

"I am already bettling with wild beasts on my journey from Syria to Rome. On land and sea, night and day, I am chained among ten leopards, my military escort. I try to be good to them, but they grow worse. However, the wrongs they do me make me a better disciple, but 'it is not by that that I am justified' (1 Cor. 4:4). I hope to enjoy the wild beasts that have been prepared for me, and I pray that I will find them ready to spring on me; indeed, I shall coax them into devouring me in an instant, lest they be afraid to bite me, as has happened in some cases. In case they refuse, against my will, I will do my best to force them. Take pity on me; I know well what is good for me. I am just beginning to be a disciple. I let myself be hypnotized by nothing visible or invisible, that I may be able to be united with Jesus Christ. Fire and cross, herds of wild beasts, mangling, dislocation of bones, amputation of members, the whole body smashed to pieces, the worst diabolical torments — let them all fall on me: so long as I get to join Jesus Christ. That is the important thing.

"What use can the pleasures of the world or the kingdoms of this earth be to me? Absolutely none. It is better for me to die for Jesus Christ, than to reign over all the earth. My continual search is for Him who died for us: I desire Him who has risen for us. My birthpangs will be coming soon" (Letter to the Romans, 5 and 6).

Ignatius had no literary background as an author. He began to write when he knew already that his life was coming to an end, not because of age so much as because of a sentence of death. If those are the circumstances under which he wrote he must have felt he had something vitally important to communicate.

His literary output is highly limited: only seven letters, written in fetters on the two brief stops along his tortuous journey from the episcopal see of Antioch to the arena of the Roman Coliseum, where the wild animals were waiting to devour him. Given those circumstances, one cannot look for any classical epistolary style. Ignatius may have lacked a literary mentality anyway. Yet his short compositions are still read over and over again; they hold a certain fascination for people. The reason for this, without a doubt, is their content; Ignatius has something to say, and says it without worrying about style or linguistic conventions, with direct and vivid imagery, far removed from rhetoric, as it is the vigorous expression of his own interior world, a world rich in mystical experience.

Ignatius' experience was matured in more than thirty years as a bishop; the ideal of a bishop is mirrored in his person. To tell the truth, we have little biographical material, but the picture of Ignatius that emerges from it is complete, because he seems like the living expression of a divine idea. The reason for that must lie in his authentic supernatural personality, which explains both his life and his death. He himself leads us to understand that the particular design, which gave meaning to his life, and was consequently his great preoccupation, was to make unity reign in the churches, in order that every Chris-

tian community might be an earthly image of God. At every turn, the word unity returns almost obsessively. It forms the dominant motif, with which a few other variations are harmonized.

But how can a community put unity into practice? By love, *agape*. These communities are defined by the inner life which animates them, i.e. charity, inseparable from faith. Ignatius speaks of the "charity" of the Smyreans, of the Ephesians, of the Romans, and so on, to designate their respective churches.

This unity which charity produces in the community is not something purely spiritual and mystical. No. It is a unity incarnated in a visible, hierarchical society, following the pattern of Jesus' subjection "in his humanity" — says Ignatius — to the Father and the Spirit.

Then what is Ignatius' concept of the Church?

The Church is envisioned by this bishop of Antioch as a divine-human reality, which is part of his universal and unitary vision of creation. The universe is governed by an *episcopos*, who is God the Father; the rift effected between the world and God by sin, led the Word to become flesh, in order that the previously broken unity might now be re-established in Him, the God-man, and the universe might be brought back progressively to harmonious union with the Father. The Catholic Church, whose head is Jesus Christ, is made up of the assembly of people redeemed by Christ, united mystically to Him and to each other, thanks to their faith and love.

But the direct government of the Christian communities, which he calls "charities," is entrusted to the local bishop, who receives authority from God and represents Him visibly on earth. The bishop is called the visible image of the Father; if one does not obey the bishop, the bishop is not the person cheated, so much as the invisible bishop. Being at one with the bishop is accordingly both a guarantee and a condition of unity with God. St. Ignatius is explicit: "One must think of the bishop as of God Himself;" and in the economy of the incarnation, he says, even one's spiritual life must be incarnate if it is to be genuine. In the last analysis, the faithful have to be closely united to the bishop, as the Church to Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ to the Father, in the harmony of universal unity. The bishop, in other words, is the center and the head of charity, the pole of unity; he unifies and recapitulates, so to speak, the faithful in himself, so that he constitutes their unity; he is the connecting link between the divine charity of earth and of heaven. It is evident, in the last analysis, that for Ignatius the bishop recapitulates his own church in himself, so much so that the essential functions of the Christian life must be either presided over or authorized by him in order to be valid. Is he thinking of a purely legal relationship? Inasmuch as Ignatius insists on a duty of obedience from everyone, priests, deacons, and the faithful, to their bishop, his idea is much more profound than that: it is the principle of unity, the opposite of free-lance initiative. Jesus never acted on his own initiative, without regard for the Father's will. Neither can the bishop act on his own without being united with God. This is why, in the Church, truth as well is safeguarded by the bishop, and the faithful are secure from heresies when they are united with him; and it is because he is the visible image of the unique priesthood of Christ, that the bishop becomes the official center for all Christian worship. To disregard the bishop would be like wanting to be a Christian, while disregarding Christ.

Unity with the bishop by no means relieves Christians of their obligation to be united with one another in practical reciprocal charity. Ignatius' experience has taught him the value of unity among Christians so well, that his mysticism is not based on the individual soul but on the unity of the faithful forming a community and becoming a liturgical body. He goes so far as to guarantee constant union with God to the members of this body only when they really live this unity with one another. Here is what he wrote to the Ephesians:

"It befits you, therefore, to be always in accord with the thought of your bishop. You are doing this already, for your priests are deservedly famous and worthy of God. By your unity and harmonious charity, you make a hymn to Jesus Christ. Each together with the others should form a choir. Concord will put you in tune, unity will make you take your pitch from God, that you may sing with one voice to the Father, through Jesus Christ. Then He too will hear and recognize you, from your good works, as members of His Son.

"It is important, therefore, that you live in faultless unity: that you may constantly share in union with God" (Letter to the Epnesians, 4). These are the same terms of his leave-taking from Polycarp and all the churches, the last words of his that we know, which can be called his last will: "May you be able to persevere in unity under the surveillance of God."

It often happens that, after one reads studies and commentaries on the Scriptures, he returns to the plain text of the sacred writers, and finds a depth of wisdom there which satisfies the soul more than any erudite commentaries can. Something like that happens to one who reads the letters of Ignatius of Antioch. The sense of the Church that one gets from them is strong, genuine, animated, and enthusiastic. Perhaps in no other, quite like in him, the Church is felt as the real presence of the kingdom of heaven on earth. A passage written to the Magnesians could be taken as a synthesis of his *sensus Ecclesiae*. "Let there never be anything between you capable of dividing you, but let your union with the bishop and with your leaders be a foretaste and a proof of eternal life." ■

by PIERO PASOLINI

A TEAM OF RESEARCH DOCTORS AT THE HOSPITAL OF FONTEM IN WEST CAMEROON HAVE REDUCED TO ALMOST ZERO THE MORTALITY RATE FOR THOSE WHO CONTRACT SLEEPING SICKNESS (TYRPANOSOMIASIS), BY SUCCESSFULLY OVERCOMING THE COMA WHICH IS SOMETIMES PRODUCED BY THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE CURATIVE DRUG.

FONTEM, AFRICA: VICTORY OVER SLEEPING SICKNESS

Some of you may have already read articles on Fontem, a small city in the interior of West Cameroon. For the past thirteen years members of the Focolare Movement living in the midst of the Bangua tribe have been involved in its development. On previous visits to Fontem, I have described various aspects of its development. Here I will limit myself to the subject matter of this article.

When the teams of men and women focolarini (doctors, nurses, technicians and teachers) arrived among the Bangua they found conditions at a very primitive level. The people were living in a wooded valley spotted here and there by "farms," small plots of land cultivated by a few farmers for their own use. The absence of any type of health facility within a forty-mile radius and the lack of adequate means of communication left the tribe of 40,000 scattered over 400 square miles, at the mercy of any type of disease. Even diseases that usually are not serious could be deadly because of the lack of treatment. Infants and small children above all suffered the effects of these conditions.

Immediately the doctors and nurses set up a free clinic. Working under a roof made of palm leaves, they dispensed medicine and, where a precise diagnosis indicated an operation was necessary, sent the patient to the hospital of a nearby city. From the beginning the health conditions of the people improved, especially in those cases where antibiotics cured diseases which would otherwise be fatal. Each day hundreds of people waited to be examined.

The tsetse fly or, "glossina palpalis," before and after having sucked blood. The first way of combatting sleeping sickness is to eliminate this insect, carrier of "trypanosoma gambiensis," the bacillus of this terrible sickness still very prevalent in those equatorial areas having a certain climate.

The usual infectious diseases were treated at the clinic. The administration of the vaccine for German measles is especially important since 40% of children contracting the disease in equatorial Africa die from it.

Besides these usual diseases, however, the two major endemic diseases for equatorial Africa were prevalent: malaria and sleeping sickness.

The incidence of malaria, although serious, was within some limits of tolerability. Various treatments and antimalarial drugs, available for treatment of the disease, decreased the severity and duration of the illness.

The same could not be said of sleeping sickness. Without treatment, anyone contracting the disease was destined to certain death within a year or two, and sometimes even within several months. The whole zone was infested by the tsetse fly, (scientific name *Glossina),* a kind of small horsefly which spreads the disease by piercing the skin of people and animals spreading the disease in the same way the *Anapheles* mosquito transmits malaria. The people were terrified of getting the disease.

Very soon the need for a more adequate health facility became apparent. The construction of a small hospital was undertaken. In 1969 the first two wards were opened: one for the operation room, laboratories and the dispensary and the other for the patients' hospital stay. Subsequently a maternity wing was added. Although there have been other expansions since then, the hospital today is barely sufficient to meet the needs of the area. Its hundred beds are always filled, while an additional two hundred patients are seen daily on an outpatient basis.

Over the years many people have settled in the valley and high grounds surrounding the hospital giving rise to a small, rapidly-developing village. From the beginning various social undertakings were begun together with the hospital project. Today there is a boarding school with new classrooms and dormitory space for its 200 students.

Simultaneously there has been a growing interest in Christianity. At the request of the people, a large church with a capacity for 3000 persons was built. The church has become a center around which an

Dr. Nicasio Triolo (left). He has been working in the Cameroons for the past 18 years. He had the idea to utilize adrenalin to overcome the "arsobal coma" in a dying girl. In the hospital at Fontem the battle against sleeping sickness is now over.

Dr. Giancarlo Sina (right) will give a detailed report of the results obtained at the next convention on "Les grandes Endemies," which will take place at Yaounde. Specialists representing Africa and Europe will attend.

entire district of the small village is emerging. The government authorities, on seeing these developments, have chosen Fontem as the governmental seat for a vast administrative zone.

What I have outlined above gives you an idea of how I saw Fontem during a very recent visit there. What about sleeping sickness? It hardly exists now within a large radius surrounding Fontem.

I was interested in pursuing the topic of sleeping sickness with the medical team from Fontem. A year or two ago I learned of a very interesting finding made in Fontem in the area of the pharmacology of the sleeping sickness disease.

Dr. Nicasio Triolo has been working in the Cameroon for 18 years, 10 of which he has been in Fontem. It was he who first had the "idea" which he developed in collaboration with his colleague Dr. Giancarlo Sina.

"When I came here to Fontem in 1970, the greatest problem," Dr. Nicasio told me, "was sleeping sickness. We all decided, doctors and others, to make a very concerted effort to control the disease. Two members of the first group contracted the disease very soon after we arrived. Ill-prepared as we were, we had to administer the therapy procedure with their lives at stake. Our first efforts were to refine our treatment techniques. There is only one effective drug for treatment of the specific type of *Trypanosoma*, species *T. gambiense*, (the organism that causes sleeping sickness) that we have here: arsobal, which, as its name implies, is basically arsenic. The side effects of the drug can be extremely dangerous. Experience in adapting the treatment to each type of patient is essential. This we achieved in a very short time.

"It was also very important to treat as many infected persons as possible. Special teams went from village to village. It was not easy to identify those who had the disease: the tests don't always work and many people did not want to be examined. This work took over a year. We were aided by the government which supplied us with some people and also large tents which sheltered the patients.

"Simultaneously, it was necessary to fight the tsetse fly. The government sent us tons of DDT and teams of men sprayed the banks of rivers and streams where the flies congregate. However, fly traps proved to be more effective than DDT. They are especially constructed to attract the tsetse fly. In the beginning each trap captured about 200 flies a day. This was not a small number, especially considering that the tsetse is less prevalent than the ordinary flies. As the number of tsetse flies decreased, we could show statistically that the spread of infection was lessening."

Dr. Nicasio continued, "Within a two year period the number of trypanosomiasis patients was reduced by 90 percent. Our treatment techniques were almost perfected so that anyone undergoing treatment was "almost" sure of recovery. The word "almost" is there because once in a while someone doesn't recover; but not because of the trypanosome. I will explain.

"The trypanosome is a microscopic one-celled animal. It is long and thin. Many trypanosomes spend part of their lives inside certain insects and part in the blood and organs of animals, especially humans. It can only live in equatorial zones having a certain climate. When the tsetse fly carrying the trypanosomes pierces the skin of its victim, infecting him or her with the organism, it remains in incubation for about two weeks. Then the infection spreads through the bloodstream causing very high fever and swelling of the lymph glands and connecting tissues. The patient complains of generally feeling poorly, headache, and there is swelling of the liver and spleen. The pathogenic action is due to toxins which the parasite emits; the mechanisms are still unknown.

"After a few months, or even years,the last stage of the illness is reached: the parasite attacks the nervous system doing irreparable damage. The infected person experiences severe anxiety followed by the well-known sleepiness with nervous depression and loss of weight. In the absence of treatment, death is imminent.

"If treatment using arsobal is initiated and it is administered using all precautions including doing a tolerance test on the patient, the patient is always cured of the infection at whatever stage of the illness he is treated. Either one, two, or three arsobal injections are administered. Of course, if the illness is treated in its last stage, the patient gets well but the nervous system damage remains. Knowing this, an early diagnosis of the disease is very important.

"Our total number of cases, through 1976, had been 2000 (including those in the satellite clinics which were set up throughout the area). Almost all have recovered. I say "almost all" because two percent have died, not as the direct result of the trypanosome parasite, but from arsobal.

"Arsobal is dangerous; but treatment is easily carried out if one is attentive. Nevertheless, there are some patients who go into a coma soon after receiving the injection. Since there was nothing else to be done for the patients,they died. Some return home from the hospi-

tal cured, only to fall into a coma after eight to ten days. In 1975 Franco, who was directing a building site, came down with the infection. We started the cure and you can imagine how we trembled while administering the first injection, even though the probability of a coma was only 1 or 2 percent. The same anxiety stayed with us throughout the ten days, but everything went well.

"This was the situation up until 1976. One day a girl was returned to the hospital after being cured of sleeping sickness. She was in an arsobal coma, as we called it. Giancarlo and I didn't know what to do. High doses of cortisone were having no effect. We knew she didn't have a chance to live. I couldn't stand seeing this young girl die, while we stood by helpless. Almost desperately I started to search my memory, going back to the 1930's when I received my medical degree. Immediately I remembered something: sleeping sickness was not the only sickness cured with drugs containing arsenic. Before the era of antibiotics, even syphilis was cured with compounds containing arsenic belonging to the same group as arsobal. I dimly remembered something my professor used to tell me. I quickly ran to my bookcase to pull out a 1928 book on pathology and read the whole chapter on the cure of syphilis. I will cite the phrase which seemed to me to stand out bright as the sun: "If a doctor treats a patient who suffers from syphilis with arsphenamine, he should keep a large syringe of adrenalin ready." I ran to Giancarlo and together we decided to try. The girl was practically dead. As we first administered the adrenalin, nothing seemed to happen. Then I felt her pulse quickening. After an hour or two the girl started to move . . . To make a long story short, after two days the girl left the hospital and walked home. For me it was like seeing someone be born again."

I was amazed hearing this story and asked Dr. Nicasio to continue. "After that we always kept the syringe with adrenalin ready, not only for a late coma, but also each time we gave the regular shots during the cycle of the cure. As I said before, coma could set in even after the first or second injection of arsobal. Adrenalin is now used as a precaution. This does not prevent a coma occurring a week later, only the immediate one. If the patient goes into a late come, he can surely be saved by adrenalin.

"Since 1976 between the hospital here and the health station outside the city, we have cured about another thousand cases of sleeping sickness, always using adrenalin. There has not been another casualty since — not counting a man who died because he drank an alcoholic beverage celebrating his return from the hospital. Alcohol is not indicated for at least 15 to 20 days after being cured.

"Now that the cure of sleeping sickness is not followed by a coma, resulting in the patient's death, its rate of recovery is higher than that for patients who have the flu or appendicitis."

I asked Dr. Nicasio if they have discovered the dynamics which causes adrenalin to prevent or end the comas from arsobal. He replied that it is not clear exactly what is happening. It may be that free arsobal in the brain may bring in an acute edema, or swelling, with numerous small hemorrhages. Adrenalin seems to have an opposite effect: the constriction of the blood vessels. Giancarlo is studying this and other effects in order to present a detailed report at the next medical convention on "Les grandes Endemies" held at Yaoundé where specialists from Africa and Europe will be present.

I had the impression of having come in contact with a sensational "discovery". I say "discovery" because a method which had been, in fact, totally forgotten in official modern medicine has now been applied. What was needed in order to recognize this exceptional method of treatment known by our grandfathers was the desperation of a doctor working in a remote hospital in Africa and a dying girl. This could happen often in medicine: new and modern drugs make us forget old cures, already obsolete in highly developed countries. Sleeping sickness belongs to "another world" and is little heard of in the western world. Arsobal, practically the only drug which is effective against the disease, is produced with little or no enthusiasm by only one pharmaceutical company in the world.

Sleeping sickness is widely diffused throughout all of equatorial Africa. It is only partially under control. Consulting certain references, I found that a 6 percent rate of mortality during the period of treatment is considered satisfactory. This does not even consider those who die without having received treatment. Statistics do not exist for them. If this sickness were diffused in Europe or America, things would certainly be different.

At Fontem, with the rediscovery of adrenalin against arsobal coma, death from the tsetse fly is practically reduced to zero. The sick are primarily from the most remote region where it has not yet been possible to effectively reduce the numbers of the tsetse fly. Almost all those infected come to be treated, and they are cured without any fear of dying because of complications.■

Right: A trap for capturing the tsetse flies. The flies are attracted by the dark holes at the bottom and on exiting they fly upward, remaining trapped in the small cage placed on top.

Below: The hospital at Fontem where the medical team which attained a complete victory over sleeping sickness works.

THE EASTER MYSTERY

THE EASTER MYSTERY TELLS US
THAT JESUS IS LIFE THAT OVERCOMES DEATH,
LIGHT THAT BREAKS UP THE DARKNESS,
GIVER OF AN INNER FULLNESS
THAT MAKES REPLETE EVERY EMPTINESS.
ULTIMATELY THIS IS CHRISTIANITY,
THE CROSS IS ESSENTIAL, BUT AS A MEANS,
TEARS ARE THE PRELUDE TO CONSOLATION
POVERTY, TO THE POSSESSION OF THE KINGDOM;
PURITY OPENS THE GATES OF HEAVEN
AND PERSECUTIONS AND MEEKNESS
ANNOUNCE THE CONQUEST OF ETERNITY,
AND GUARANTEE THE PROGRESS
OF THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD.

CHIARA LUBICH

LEARNING TO LIVE

by IGINO GIORDANI

Man's existence is a rich and beautiful adventure, because it implies among other things a continuous sharing of other peoples' experiences, of influencing or being influenced by other persons and events. The beauty of this adventure lies in the fact that it is linked to supernatural life. It is in this link that we find the strength to bring our spiritual existence up to heaven, or rather to have heaven come down to earth, rebuilding it on foundations that are indestructible.

"The man who does not love is among the living dead" (1 Jn. 3,14). Jesus Christ has " . . . robbed death of its power and has brought life and immortality into clear light through the Gospel" (2 Tm. 1,10).

Thus, through his faith in Christ and his love for his brother, the Christian comes to the Father, and through his love for the Father is united to his brother, to humanity.

The two expressions of love which meet in Christ, like the two planks of the cross over his heart, help us live a life of freedom, a life that saves us from becoming slaves of material wealth, the consumer mentality, power, vice and hatred. It gives us the light and the strength we need to give religion its place in humanity today.

The most beautiful part of our daily religious practice is, as we said, this communion with God and with our brother. With God so that we may draw spiritual strength; and with our brother so that we may see him as a sacrament, as a transmitter and a carrier of the divine.

The difficulty lies in making this task known to our generation, a task so sublime and yet easy, so little known, yet universal. Once both young and old have learned to accept it, they will receive the light of their lives. They shall know why they live, and shall leave behind all that is emptiness and noise, all that is hedonistic slavery, all senseless despair. They shall embark on a life that is true.

In our limited horizons such aspirations may create fear and apprehension. Heaven may assume dimensions that are far too lofty for our eyes. Yet, once we have had the experience, we discover the truth which the Lord made known long ago — namely that the world which is unknown to those who are inflated with earthly doctrine is manifested to children and to the simple of heart.

His invitation to be like children in a spiritual sense is an invitation to free ourselves from all the clutter and obstacles that we have built. We did this in order to replace the childlike state of simplicity with an appearance of solemnity and conquest, or supplant it with complicated practices and usages and explanations that pretend to humanize religion by stripping it of the blood of Christ. No wonder this liberation takes the form of a new and universal Eucharistic devotion.

This change will mark the commercial ruin of the heralds of immorality, the arms dealers, those who advocate a spirituality turned sour by hatred, unless they too, open up to the joy of a full life. The magnificent ideal of communion with God and with our brothers and sisters encourages us to work together in equality, freedom, and peace. The sociology of the Gospel is simple: God is the master of all goods which are available to all men, his creatures, who must live and work together in love, putting in common their surplus which, as the Church Fathers said, is the deficit of the poor. In the early Church "Those who believed shared all things in common" (Acts 2,44). "The community of believers was of one heart and one mind" (Acts 4,32).

St. Justin, philosopher and martyr of the second century A.D. declared in one of his polemic writings against anti-Christian thinkers: "We who used to practice the arts of magic now consecrate ourselves to the good and unbegotten God. We, who once greedily coveted the wealth and fortunes of others now put in common even our own belongings and share them with all the poor; we, who knew hatred and who killed one another and refused our homes to those of other races and other customs now, after the coming of Christ, live together in community."[1]

1) St. Justin, "First Apology," Chapter 14.

If Marx and Engels drew the idea of communism directly and indirectly from Christ, they immediately distorted it, in their atheism, by substituting Christ with the antichrist, love with class hatred, freedom with dictatorship. They created an upside-down Christianity. The experience of genuine communism in Europe and in Asia, which has led to strife among nations, clearly shows that if we eliminate Christ, we eliminate the reason for staying together. Today some leaders of Marxism are looking once again to religion as to a power which could be useful to save them from a total failure. The Church, with the recent Popes, has set in motion a process of renewal, which has been prompted more by the spiritual failures, than the political ones, which she sees humanity going through. Without a spiritual foundation, any unity of masses or individual existences find their final destiny in a communion of corpses.

Christians are often criticized for proclaiming their doctrines without putting them into practice. Here, in fact, lies the weakness of many among us. We present the Church, and therefore ourselves, as "militant" — militant against war, as against any kind of evil. Some painters of the past depicted the archangels with flaming swords as they fight against demons. These demons take other forms for us today.

However, if we were to resist the way the saints did, or Gandhi, or so many wise men who were not blinded by visions of power, we could even change the course of hostilities and steer it in the direction of peaceful cooperation.

In various continents there are communities of young and old who, by the means of unity achieved through charity, have been able to transform their living together into a channel for the Holy Spirit. These groups are the hope for a rebirth — for both and young and old — of their respective countries. They give their country a soul and an expression of love which will put an end to the butchering of masses, especially of the young, which now occurs in so many places. This massacre if it continues unleashed, will lead to a universal blood bath which is the final aspiration of unchecked atheism.

"The most beautiful part of our daily religious practice is, as we said, this communion with God and with our brother."

These groups, on the other hand, bring new joy wherever they may be: in the streets, in meetings and conventions of all kinds. Joy is the first flower of love. They thus teach others to generate an atmosphere of gladness day by day so that people working in every endeavor may be brothers again.

Mary of Nazareth gave us Jesus, for whom the Church herself was created and called the Mystical Christ.

Mary offers young people a role which is special and stupendous in the composition of the Mystical Body.

A great Father of the Church, St. Jerome, who lived at the time of the Roman Empire, gathered a group of women together to make them apostles of the Holy Scripture. Writing to one of them, in Rome, he said: "You, too, can be the Mother of the Redeemer." And this can be said to all girls and women who, if willing to cooperate, become apostles themselves, not so much with words as with their very lives.

Giving human beings to the world, husbands and wives generate the Church of the future, together with the society of the future. This future generation is also being created by conquering souls to the Church through good example, through love and suffering, and through sacrifices endured with Christian spirit. Every conversion makes and expands the Church.

Let us meditate about the meaning of a bethrothal which, if seen in a Christian way, is a kind of novitiate or religious preparation for the "great mystery" as St. Paul called marriage. It represents the union of God with humanity and cooperates toward the union of Christ with the Church. Christ is the head of the Church. The children born through marriage and regenerated by baptism are the body.

We must therefore look at marriage not only as a social and economic arrangement or superficially as an occasion for parties and for travels. No, it is both a divine act and a human one of unsurpassed value. It is, in fact, a sacrament, which is a vehicle to transfer the divine into humanity, a sacrament of life like the Eucharist. The latter indicates the love of God for men, the former indicates the love of men for God. The two newly-weds then becomes co-workers of the Creator by bringing forth human life on earth. Because of the sacrament, they are also called to teach their children about divine life as well.

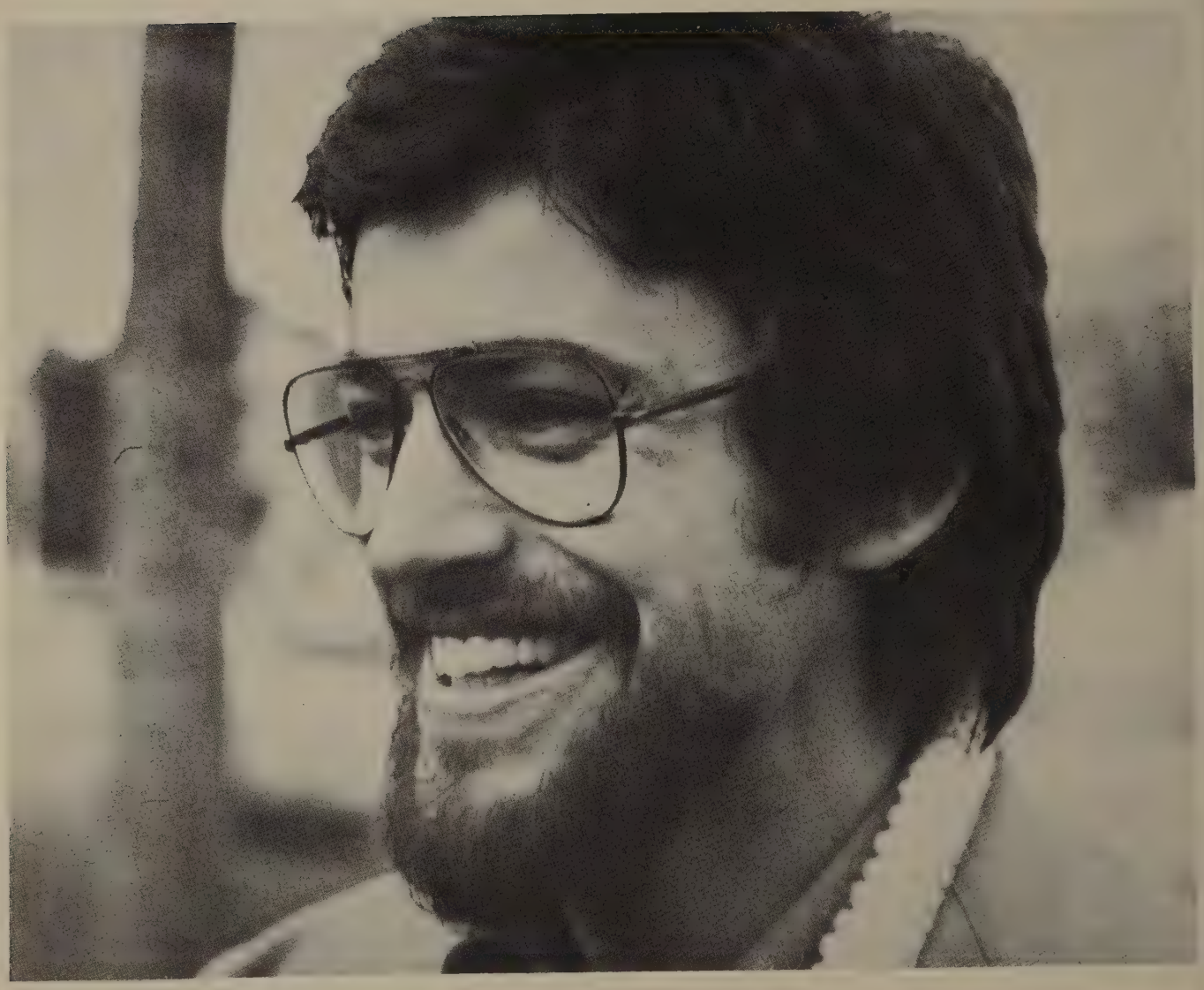
This is why young people engaged to be married must strive to nourish this divine life which is love. Not the corrupt, perverse love we find in the movies or in the stories of third-rate novelists, but Love inspired by the divine — the total love which is God. The Bible teaches us that God is love, and giving this real love to one's bethrothed is giving God to him or her.

The two engaged souls thus exchange the breath of the Eternal, and they become saints by loving one another in God. It is He who gives true happiness and the power of never dying. For two souls who love one another as God commands, death does not exist. It becomes a passage into immortal life.

If two are married with such a human-divine union, there is Jesus in their eyes as He is in their souls. It is Jesus who expresses himself with joy and fortitude at times of difficulty. The sacrament of marriage assures the union a sacred and indestructible character and at the same time establishes between the two a priestly bond which transforms their home — even if it is but a miserable hut — into a temple where Jesus dwells in their midst. He is the link between husband and wife and the strength of their union. And when the children come, he will also be in them, blessing the most beautiful incentive of human existence.

Most Christians live family lives and many belong to religious communities or get together in groups of various kinds. Very few are completely alone. In all these situations the Christians are always in a rapport with God and with their brothers; and this rapport is fundamental for making God's Kingdom on earth come true. ■

Healing divisions



Gastao, a Brazilian in search of freedom

From the moment the conversation opened, we had not been speaking in great depth, trying only to discover each other's interests by suggesting different topics of conversation. Then came the crucial question:

"But," I asked him point blank, "Have you found happiness now?"

I saw Gastao's slim body move as if on the defensive, but his guard was down, and where before his mind had been absorbed in a sober train of thought, now his face lit up in a huge smile.

"Perhaps in order to tell you about myself, I ought first of all to talk to you about my land, which is so far away, so different; and about my people, my family . . . .

"There where the gentle nature of the people of the south somewhat tempers the fire of contrasts of the Brazilian nature, the country still remains a land of intensive passion, of strong and unsatisfied needs, of great tension. For me, the privilege of belonging to a fairly well-to-do family had saved me from the daily struggle for survival.

"But I was nevertheless unable to escape the need in my heart for love — I still suffered. Closed inside

my personal hell, I felt like a stranger in my own family. All the care and attention went to the youngest of the nine children, who was a victim of polio. It was enough for the rest of us that we had good health. And then, even if there was nothing material missing at home, my parents stopped talking to each other, and eventually my father turned to drinking as a means of escape.

"It was easy for me to feel rejected. I made a decision. I tasted risk, the wild life, the forbidden. I turned to fast cars, wild parties, the madness of experimenting with everything in the search for freedom. The only thing I refused was drugs, because I felt that if I were to take them, the freedom for which I was searching would really have been lost forever.

"And my friends? They wanted personal freedom even at the cost of the lives of others, and they did not mind risking their own either. Joseph went around with a knife hidden in his boot. On the day he was killed I was supposed to meet him in the very cafe in which he died, but I was a few minutes late for our appointment. If I had been there perhaps the incident would have been avoided . . . or perhaps I would have been killed as well . . . . Then there was my girlfriend, she committed suicide.

"By that time, the further I went in that direction, the greater the feeling of emptiness inside me was growing. I was gaining a knowledge of life which brought out more and more anguished doubts. Why did pain exist? Why death? There were so many things I did not understand. Why did I also see a part of myself dying every time someone went away? I was full of complexes. I was slowly destroying myself.

"Then I was saved from an even greater blow. Where my family was concerned I began to feel the lack of that security which earlier in my life I had not appreciated. My father was still drinking, and the day came when he failed to return home. It was terrible not to be able to tell people that we did not know where he was, while, growing more and more desperate, we searched for him everywhere.

"I began to feel responsible for what was happening. Deep down,

'A different way of life was opening up for me — the life of a complete man.'

what had I done to avert it? But what could I have done? What life other than this one did I know? And who could have helped me? Certainly, no human being could help, nor that God of conventional Christianity about whom I had been taught and whom I had rejected. And yet, I felt that I wanted something I could cling to, even that God; and perhaps I was subconsciously searching for Him.

"After a while, my father returned. He had lost his memory. His attitude towards us all was the same as before. Yet, something had changed. Purified by suffering, we, the family, now had this strong experience of suffering in common, and we shared together the joy of his return. After years of silence, we began to communicate with one another.

"My dialogue opened out in another direction as well. 'Whatever you do to the least of your brothers, you do to me . . . ' During that time, a boy had given me the Bible and told me that those words could 'be lived.' For a while my father had been 'smaller' than I, and I had loved him. Then I discovered that, almost unaware of it, I had begun to live that "life" with my father, and with my family. I could also live it with others and I wanted to try to do it in my daily life: at school, in my work. When I succeeded, I was filled with joy. But there were many difficulties to be faced. 'If you go to make your offering and you remember that someone has something against you, leave your offering . . . ' I read a little more, and suddenly remembered that I had an "enemy" at school. We had fought over some trivial matter and since then the class had been split in two. If I were to make friends with him now, it would mean I was betraying those on my side. If I did this, I would no longer be regarded as a man, in that environment where violence was considered the first attribute of virility.

"It was a matter of going against the current. I did it, perhaps not without fear, but certainly with determination. At a party to which I invited everyone, there was a general reconciliation. It was a historic moment.

"By now I strongly felt the help I received from others. I was no longer walking this road alone. I realized that I had excluded from my world, the poor, especially those I did not know, although I did not think of them as my enemies. I was suddenly faced with one such situation. I came to know the desolation of a family who lived in real poverty. And yet, I saw that those very people really knew how to give, because even the coffee which they offered me was given with love.

"Filled with joy, I left my entire salary in that house. When I was leaving I felt that I was the one who had been given something.

"Love was circulating, and it filled the emptiness in me, which was not only a material emptiness. We felt we were one family, and they wanted me to be godfather to their youngest child. The celebration became an even greater one, because we also celebrated their marriage, which they had ignored before.

"A different way of life was opening up for me — the life of a complete man.

"Now I have come to Europe, and the adventure is continuing here." "And are you happy now?" This time the question was rhetorical, but the unexpected interruption halted Gastao, who reflected for a moment. Then he smiled again.

"You know, if I think about myself, I must say no, I am not happy; but when I live for, and think of other people, I find then, that yes I am happy." **Gastao**

Images FOR words

'Free yourselves, put on wings and fly.
The road to Heaven is so narrow,
steep and thorny
that only by flying can one travel over it .'

Mother F. Cabrini

THE INTRUDER

by Lu Rell

CAST OF CHARACTERS:
Angela, Margie, Frances, Brian, Margie's mother and father.

SCENERY
A state hospital. Room 345, large, with three beds. Everything is white. The only touch of color is a bouquet of half-dead red flowers on one of the metal bedside tables. Outside the window, the first signs of spring. Frances, an older woman with gray hair and a pale face, is lying in the bed near the window. In the other bed is a young woman. She is 24, but looks older; her face looks hard and bitter. Angela, 52, a patient recuperating from a serious operation, is being transferred, in a wheelchair, to this new room.

SCENE I: Room 345

(Angela smiles at Frances and Margie as she comes in. Frances smiles back. Margie answers with a long, cold gaze, seemingly filled with hatred. A little surprised, Angela looks at the nurse.)

NURSE *(rolling her eyes and whispering):* They can't do anything for her and it's impossible to talk with her. I've almost given up trying. *(louder)* Are you alright, Mrs. Collins? Here is your bell.
ANGELA: Thank you, when it comes to hospitals I am an expert!
NURSE *(to Frances and Margie):* Ladies, this is Mrs. Collins, a good patient. You'll be proud of her as I am. *(goes out)*
ANGELA *(to Frances):* What is your name?
FRANCES: Mrs. Abitello, Mrs. Collins.
ANGELA: Oh, call me Angela. *(to Margie)* And your name?
MARGIE: *(no answer)*
ANGELA: Are you alright? Can I get you something?
MARGIE: *(with a cutting tone of voice)* I can get it myself if I need it. Why don't you leave me alone.

SCENE II: The corridor

(Angela is moving around in her wheelchair. She meets the nurse.)

NURSE: You are feeling better today!
ANGELA: Yes, thank you, but I can't help worrying about our friend in there. She really seems to have something against the whole world. Isn't there anything we can do to help her?
NURSE: You can try if you want. It's hard to accept the fact that you're going to die, when you are 24 . . . .
ANGELA: Is she all alone in the world?
NURSE: Oh no, her husband comes to visit her once in a while but she throws him out everytime, not to speak of the language she uses! And yet, he seems like a nice man. Once we arranged a special permission and he came with their daughter, a beautiful child! But she refused to see her.
ANGELA *(almost lost in her thoughts):* I understand, thank you. I think I'll go rest now.

SCENE III: Room 345

(Angela returns to the room but makes no further attempts to approach Margie, who has hidden herself in back of a magazine, holding it tensely. Angela realizes that Frances is trying to reach something on her bedside table and goes to help her.)

FRANCES: Thank you, Angela. Your name means angel, doesn't it?
ANGELA: Someone else told me that. I know it's an Italian name.
FRANCES: Yes, yes, my mother was Italian and she had a sister called Angela. Anyhow, whatever your name means, you are an angel!
ANGELA: Don't say that!
FRANCES: I have been in this hospital for two months and nobody ever was so kind to me as you are. Why do you do it?
ANGELA: I guess suffering has taught me a lot.
FRANCES: I wish I had your peace! You must believe in God!
ANGELA: Yes I do. In fact, it is the conviction that he loves me which gives me peace.
FRANCES: I used to go to church, then we built our new house and had to work hard to pay the bills. I forgot about God . . . and now I would like to go back to him but he probably won't want me, an old, hard lady.
ANGELA *(looks at her with a smile):* What do you think?
FRANCES *(looking at the floor somewhat embarassed):* I think I am being silly! *(with a different tone of voice)* How can you be so patient with that girl? She's unbearable.
ANGELA: I think that if she were my daughter I would keep trying . . . Frances, wouldn't you want to help me soften her up?
FRANCES: Oh dear, I don't think I can do what you do, but I promise, I won't tell her "shut up," anymore.

(Night pills are distributed, lights turned out.)

SCENE IV: The same room a few days later

ANGELA: Is that blanket too much for you?
MARGIE *(looking at Angela inquisitively, but handing her the blanket):* Yes, thank you, they always keep the heat too high in hospitals.
NURSE *(coming to the door):* Margie, your husband is here to visit you.
MARGIE *(after a moment of hesitation):* Oh, send him in.

(Angela moves silently away as Brian comes through the door. His face is

drawn. He is dressed neatly, as if he were coming directly from work.)

BRIAN *(handing a bouquet of flowers to Margie):* Hi, How are you?

MARGIE *(not smiling, but taking the flowers):* If I were fine, I wouldn't be here. Why did you spend so much money?

BRIAN: If money could change things, I would spend much more.

MARGIE: You still hope things will change, eh! Let's change the subject. How is work?

BRIAN *(surprised):* Well, well . . . Mother always has new ideas to get new business . . .

MARGIE: She keeps you there late, eh! She'll never change!

BRIAN: What can you do . . .

MARGIE: Nothing, perhaps. Nothing! Go, she'll say that I am irresponsible to keep you away so long!

BRIAN: I don't care, believe me, I don't care!

MARGIE: Do me a favor, go!

BRIAN: Margie, take care. I'll be back tomorrow. *(walks away)*

MARGIE *(calling him back):* Brian . . . Thank you for the flowers.

(Brian leaves)

SCENE V: The same room, immediately after.

MARGIE: Angela, do you think you could get me a vase for these flowers? They are already half dead.

(Angela goes out and returns shortly with a vase.)

ANGELA: Have you been married long?

MARGIE *(still with a bit of diffidence in her voice):* Six years. Mary Rose, our little girl, is five . . . but what difference does it make now. I am tired, I'll rest a while now.

SCENE VI: Room 345, the next day

(It is visiting hours. Margie's parents are beside her bed.)

MARGIE: Why in God's name did you come all this distance? Just to torment me? Why don't you go back right away. You've seen me now — skinny, sick. Go back to your "perfect family" where I don't belong. I can't stand the sight of you.

MARGIE'S MOTHER: You're always the same, not an ounce of gratitude, after the long trip your father and I took.

MARGIE'S FATHER: If you don't have any affection for me at least you should show some respect!

MARGIE: Respect! Did I ever get any respect? Was I ever considered a human being in your house . . . *(she sobs)*

MARGIE'S MOTHER: *(looking around to see if others hear the conversation)* Come on dear, you have been too sick and you see things worse than they are . . .

MARGIE: Too sick? I wish I could die today . . .

MOTHER: Cheer up, dear. Would you like me to turn on television? Remember what's on? It was your favorite show when you were a child . . .

MARGIE: Please mother, leave me alone . . .

FATHER: We brought you some french pastries, would you like to try one!

MARGIE: See what I mean . . . Do you know what is wrong with me? Do you know that I will never eat cookies again . . . ?

FATHER: Dear, as your mother said, you are being pessimistic. I'll leave the cookies. You might be better tomorrow. Let's go Agnes or we will never catch that train . . . Goodbye!

MOTHER: Give me a kiss, will you? Call me if you need anything.

MARGIE: Yes, yes, . . . somebody will call you! Goodbye!

(Parents leave)

SCENE VII: The same room, a few minutes later.

ANGELA *(going over to Margie's bedside):* Your mother seems very young.

MARGIE *(crying, she raises herself up with effort and sits on the side of her bed. She takes Angela's hand):* Why aren't all mothers like you? You know . . . that wasn't my father. My mother had me before she married him. But, I don't hold it against her. I've learned that people can make mistakes. There's another thing though that is hard to forget. When her husband agreed to let me live with them, she treated me like a dog. But he was the one without a heart, who let me know openly that I was not wanted there. I grew up without knowing what it meant to be hugged by my mother or having the moral support of my father — like an intruder, you know. By the age of ten I was a rebel from tip to toe. As soon as I could, at fifteen, I got out of there. My pride wouldn't permit me to work as a regular housemaid. But what I found was not much better; I got a job as a chambermaid in a hotel. My parents didn't put up too much of a fuss. Perhaps they were happy I was gone. It went well for me. I got jobs in some of the biggest and best hotels, but you can imagine what kind of environment I was living in! I had to defend myself constantly, especially because I was pretty. I didn't always make it — but I was young and I'd like to see anyone else in my place. I needed something to take the place of the affection I had missed as a child, and the influence around me was strong. Actually I didn't believe in anything anymore. Everything seemed false, as if seen through colored glass. It was only my pride that saved me from doing something drastic.

(After a moment of silence, Margie continues.)

In one of these big hotels, one Saturday night in a dancing hall, I met Brian. I realized right away that he was different — you understand, I had learned to get to know men in those years. I think it was the classical "love at first sight." After a few weeks we had decided to get married, and after six months we were married. He wanted me to stop working. I was in "seventh heaven" but the illusion didn't last long.

I knew it would happen — his family was completely against Brian doing "a crazy thing like that" — that's what they called our marriage. They reasoned like businessmen, on a give-and-take basis: "How much money will that maid bring home? How can you trust a girl who's been all over? Sure she's pretty, but that's all!"

Brian was too much in love to listen to them, so we went ahead. *(Margie pours herself a glass of water and sips it slowly.)* My

mother-in-law was the boss in the family. She was in charge of the administration of all their stores, and she started bossing me around too. I wasn't the kind of person to give in, but out of love for Brian I tried to adjust. Then my pride got the best of me. I wasn't ready to be the scullery-maid of that house. I couldn't take their way of living — people attached to money. They never allowed themselves any enjoyment — a walk along the shore on Sunday and that was all! But what I really couldn't stand was the thought of being in the grips of that woman for the rest of my life. I wanted my own home with Brian and our baby who was born a year after our marriage. I began fighting for it. But Brian was too weak and attached to the "clan" and he didn't have the strength to leave.

(At this point Margie's eyes become hard again as they had been weeks before.)

ANGELA: It must have been very difficult.

MARGIE: Difficult? It was hell! For six years all we did was fight. Again I was considered an intruder by all — except Brian, of course. I couldn't take it, I just couldn't take it! *(Margie puts the empty glass on the bedside table with a thud.)* I went against everybody. In the end, I managed to convince Brian to leave so that we could finally have a life of our own.

Right in that moment, just when, for the first time, I was about to have a life with a meaning, just then I got sick! Cancer, you understand? Cancer! It was a shock for me when they told me. I almost went crazy.

(Margie bursts into tears. Angela gives her some tissues in silence.)

MARGIE: Please help me! I know that you can help me!

(Margie continues to cry.)

ANGELA *(taking Margie's head in her hands):* Don't worry, just cry . . . All these days I've been hoping you would be able to get all of this out . . .

FRANCES *(from across the room):* You two . . . you make me cry also.

ANGELA: Remember the other day when Brian was here? You asked him if he still hoped things could change . . .

MARGIE: They won't change. It's too late.

ANGELA: My mother used to repeat to me an old proverb, "As long as there's life, there's hope."

MARGIE: It's a matter of months, weeks, days perhaps!

ANGELA: Years ago, (some day I'll tell you my story) I asked myself the same questions. Things were not going too well for me either . . . Then I discovered that things begin changing for us when we change.

MARGIE: How? Let me tell you something. Do you know why I hated you at first? When you came through that door four weeks ago, in the wheelchair, I immediately sensed the peace you had. I couldn't understand that, but my intuition told me that your peace was a result of having accepted death. In spite of everything, I was, I am,afraid to die.

ANGELA: I promise you, Margie, that I'll be with you if I can. But I can assure you that someone else will be with you for sure.

MARGIE: You mean Brian?

ANGELA: No, Margie, I'm sure he'll try to be here, but I'm speaking of someone who loves you more than Brian.

MARGIE: God? I was waiting for you to say this.I don't know him.

ANGELA: But he knows you, and Brian, and little Mary Rose . . .

MARGIE: My baby! What will happen to her? *(Margie grabs Angela's hand, her eyes filling with tears.)* God can forget me, I have been so far from him. But please,tell him to take care of her.

ANGELA: I will, but you too can talk to him . . .

MARGIE *(laughing):* Oh, he doesn't know my voice!

ANGELA: He knows your heart, that's enough.

MARGIE *(crying again):* My heart full of bitterness, hatred, rebellion . . . and pain.

ANGELA: One day, when I was desperate, somebody sent me a record. I put it on just to do something. The words of one of the songs said that God is a Father. "I'll forget you not — it said — I have carved you in the palm of my hand."

MARGIE: I wish somebody had spoken to me like that when I was a child! Do me a favor! When I'm gone, please remain in touch with my daughter and tell her these things?

ANGELA: Not when you are gone, now, Margie! In fact I am going to adopt her as my grandchild. How about that? I have no children of my own . . .

MARGIE: Thank you.

ANGELA: Let's celebrate the adoption. What about calling Brian to bring Mary Rose and a big cake.

MARGIE: Do you think they will let her in? I miss her.

ANGELA: We'll talk to Miss McLaurie, she is a great nurse. She'll help us.

FRANCES: Am I invited to the party too?

MARGIE: Yes, Mrs. Abitello, of course.

FRANCES: Call me Frances. You want to see the pictures of my grandchildren?

MARGIE: I'll be happy to. Angela, could you get them?

FRANCES: Three girls and a boy. When they are all together, it's the end of the world.

ANGELA *(returning to Margie with pictures):* Here, Margie. Look, this little girl has the same eyes as Mary Rose.

FRANCES: It must be Colleen. She is six!

MARGIE: I hope they can meet some day and become friends. They have their whole life in front of them . . .

ANGELA: You too, Margie.

MARGIE: A few weeks . . . but I know what you mean. Excuse me, I'm tired.

ANGELA: Excuse us, we'll let you rest.

(walks away from Margie's bed)

MARGIE *(after a few moments, almost in a whisper):* Angela . . .

ANGELA: Yes?

MARGIE: When Brian calls tonight, I'll apologize to him. All this must be hard on him too!

CURTAIN

(How long did Margie still live? We do not need to know. What counts is that life for her had become new.) ◆

A NIGHTMARE TO BE FORGOTTEN?

My mind was filled with all the things I had to do during the day as I ran down the steps of the church after early morning Mass. The sun glittered on the ice which covered the almost deserted streets.

The children sick, the shopping to do, my mother in the hospital....I kept trying to remember that, by uniting my small worries and sufferings to those of Jesus, I could go ahead. All of a sudden, pang! Not looking where I was going I had stepped directly on a small patch of ice. It all happened so quickly that it took me a few seconds to realize that I was lying flat on my back, having hit my head hard on the pavement.

My first reaction instinctively was to check if I could move my arms and legs. When I realized that I could I slowly began to get up. But a horrible sensation came over me — I could not remember anything, not even simple things like my name and where I lived. It was terrifying! The things around me seemed to be made of paper and nothing looked familiar. Panic began to rise in me. The throbbing pain in my head was nothing in comparison to that feeling of helplessness, not knowing where to go, what to do. Then, almost like an echo from far away, yet making itself heard in a very clear way, a thought came to me, "Every suffering is an aspect of His suffering. I can love it, make it become love." I found my lips forming the word "yes" — "yes" to the unknown enveloping me, and I was suddenly calm. "Now I just have to get home," I told myself.

I began walking. There were many houses, all seemed alike, all unfamiliar. After a few minutes, panic took me over again. I said a short prayer, "Jesus help me." Another house, and then another, each step was like a step in darkness, until I began to notice little things here and there which I suddenly knew I had seen before.

And finally my house! I recognized it and hurried in. My husband was there waiting for me. Later I realized that also this was the love of God for me. Normally he would have already been at work, but just that morning, for the second time in eleven years, he had overslept and missed his ride. I could not remember his name but I could tell him what had happened. I asked him to get help, to phone a friend who shares with us the word of life. Strangely enough I could remember her clearly. Speaking with her, I felt that I acquired a new strength, that which comes from unity, to say a complete "yes" to whatever God wanted.

The trip to the hospital seemed endless. Fragments began coming back — one child with pneumonia, another with a strep throat. Will I ever be able to care for them again? What will happen to us all? These and other questions kept whirling around in my head, yet they could not take away from me the peace I had found saying yes continually to Jesus.

The hospital stay was short; all the tests were negative. Within twenty-four hours everything had come back and I was able to resume my tasks as usual.

A nightmare to be forgotten? Not for me. The certainty that even in the most desperate circumstances there is someone who never abandons us, has remained with me. Those steps taken together with Him in that situation were the beginning of a new relationship between me and God.

Lillian Stephens

(continued from page 8)

A TRAIN TO CATCH

I had thirty minutes to catch the last train of the day from Chicago to Champaign. As I walked up Clinton Street from the subway, carrying a shoulder bag and a suitcase, I saw an older man, well-dressed, slipping and sliding on the icy sidewalk. I caught up with him and asked whether he needed some help. He replied, "Yes. I've got to get to Northwestern Station." As he spoke, I realized that he was very drunk. I offered him my arm, and suggested that I could walk with him as far as Union Station, my destination.

He clung to my arm heavily as we walked. At each corner he'd say, "I'm all right now. I'll go on by myself," but when I would let him go, he would nearly fall. So I would have him take my arm again, and we'd continue. As we walked closer to the station, the other pedestrians rushing by would stare, obviously puzzled by this drunken man stumbling next to me. The word of life, "Do not do your acts of righteousness before men," came to me.

It was 5:35 when we reached Union Station. My train did not leave until 6:10. As Northwestern Station was three blocks further, I decided to take the man to his train. He kept saying, "You are very nice, thank you, but I don't need any more help." But he did not let go of my arm. To love him, I knew that I had to make sure he got home safely.

As we walked, I found out from the man where he lived. He claimed that his train did not leave until 7:30, but I knew that trains ran there more frequently. We reached Northwestern Station, and stumbled up a long flight of stairs. The man kept asking me what he could do to repay me. I kept avoiding the issue, afraid that he would offer money. When we reached the lobby, I sat him down in a chair, and wrote my name and address on a piece of paper. I gave it to him, and asked him to let me know whether he arrived home safe. He looked at me and asked, "Do you like me?" He was crying. I wished I could explain why I had

ıelped him, that I did it because at hat moment he was Jesus for me. 3ut I had little time, and I knew he was too drunk to understand. So I imply said, "Yes, I do."

I asked at the ticket window and ound that a train to his stop left in ive minutes. I walked him to his rain, and made sure that he got on oard.

I walked quickly back to Union Station. My train was boarding just s I reached the gate.

T. M.

DINNER FOR DAD

One night my Mom asked me to ook dinner for my father, because ıe came home late. I was really ired and I was going to bed but s an act of love for my mother I did it. When I finished cooking I aw the dishes not done. I was going to tell my sister to do the lishes, because it was her turn, but he was already asleep, so I did the lishes. Then my father came, and ıte, but he didn't say: "That was lelicious," or "Gee, the kitchen ooks nice." I was disappointed but hen I remembered the word of ife, which is, "Be careful not to lo your 'acts of righteousness' be- ore men, to be seen by them. If ou do, you will have no reward rom your Father in heaven." I ealized that I really didn't cook nd do the dishes for Jesus but just o please my mom and dad. So fter my father ate I cleaned up the lishes, but this time I remembered he word of life and did it only or Jesus.

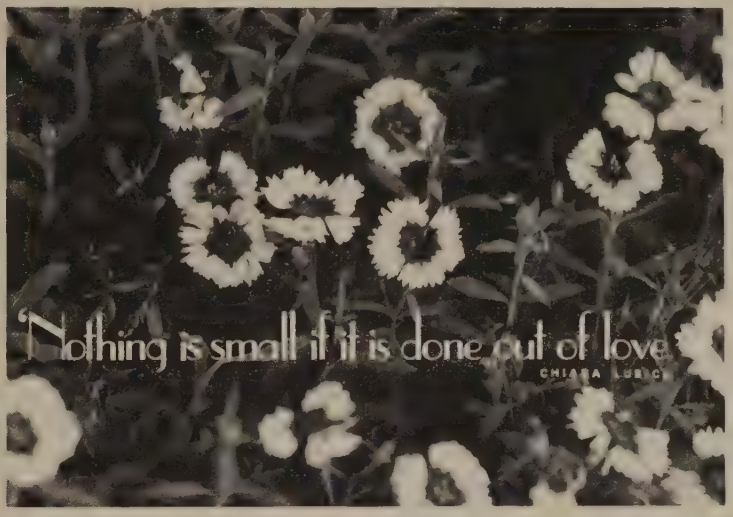
E. O.

FOCOLARE ADDRESSES IN NORTH AMERICA

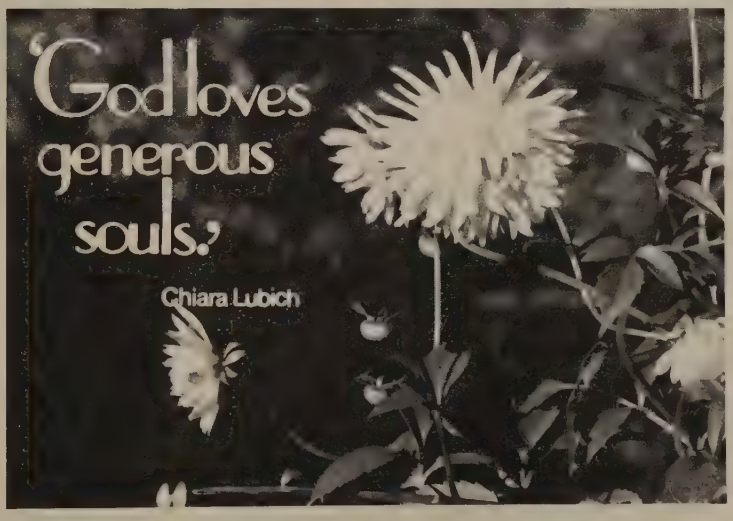
IEW YORK:	P.O. Box 496 New York, NY 10021
HICAGO:	P.O. Box 53426 Chicago, IL 60653
OSTON:	P.O. Box 239 Roslindale, MA 02131
AN ANTONIO:	P.O. Box 32302 San Antonio, TX 78216
OS ANGELES:	P.O. Box 71701 Los Angeles, CA 90071
ORONTO:	P.O. Box 302 - Stn. T Toronto, Ontario Canada, M6B 4A3

Focolare posters

Two new black and white posters (23¾"x 19½") are now available at all the focolare centers, or can be ordered by mail from: Focolare Movement, P. O. Box 496, New York, N.Y. 10021.



FMPbw-1



FMPbw-2

Price: $1.50 each.

If ordered by mail please add handling and shipping charges and specify if you wish to receive them first or third class.

Shipping and handling charges.

FIRST CLASS: **Delivery time: approximately 1 week**

1 poster 1.40, 2 posters 1.55, 3 posters 1.70, 4 posters 1.80. For more than 4 posters, postal rates depend on weight and zone.

THIRD CLASS: **Delivery time: approximately 2 weeks**

1 to 2 posters 1.00, 3 to 4 posters 1.15, 5 to 6 posters 1.30, 7 posters 1.40. For more than 7 posters, postal rates depend on weight and zone.

1980 MARIAPOLIS

THREE MARIAPOLISES WILL BE HELD IN NORTH AMERICA NEXT SUMMER. YOU ARE INVITED!

SOUTHWEST MARIAPOLIS

DATE

June 22, after supper — June 28, after breakfast

PLACE

New Mexico Highlands University
Las Vegas, New Mexico

Las Vegas is in the northern part of New Mexico, the "land of enchantment." It is located about 60 miles east of Santa Fe, at an altitude of 6,500 feet. It is an historic community with a population of approximately 15,000 people. The main route of the famous Santa Fe Trail passes through the New Mexico Highlands University campus where — here and in the surrounding area — the "Wild West" was actually lived. Las Vegas is located on Interstate 25. Amtrak trains and Greyhound buses stop daily in Las Vegas, New Mexico. The nearest large airport is in Albuquerque, 120 miles away.

NORTHWEST MARIAPOLIS

DATE

July 20, after supper — July 26, after breakfast

PLACE

St. Martin's College
Lacey, Washington

St. Martin's College was founded in 1895 by the Fathers and Brothers of the Order of St. Benedict. The 400-acre campus is shared by a Benedictine Abbey and the College.

The St. Martin's campus is three miles east of Olympia, capital city of the State of Washington. The nearest airport is in Seattle, 60 miles away. Inquire there for scheduled limousine service.

EAST COAST MARIAPOLIS

DATE

August 3, after supper — August 9, after breakfast

PLACE

Alfred University
Alfred, N.Y.

Located in New York's rustic Southern tier, Alfred University's 230-acre hillside campus adjoins the village of Alfred and is surrounded by some of the State's most scenic and intriguing attractions. The area boasts bright, mild summer days and cool, sleepable nights. The Village of Alfred, seventy miles south of Rochester, is easily reached by East-West Route 17 (Southern Tier Expressway) and from the North and South by Routes 15, 19, 21 and 36.

About the Mariapolis

The Mariapolises are the summer meetings of the Focolare, held every year for those interested in the Movement and for those who wish to come into contact with it. For one week persons of all ages and walks of life are exposed to the spirituality of unity. Above all, they strive to practice it by creating among themselves a rapport that molds them into a community. It is intended to be a basic experience of such intense unity that the participants will be able to bring it back into their own environments. And this is the most striking fruit of these conventions. They tend to be models of a world which lives according to the Gospel.

For many years the summer convention of the Focolare Movement has been called "Mariapolis" (City of Mary) because Mary is the person who generated Christ. The main goal, in fact, of those who participate in a Mariapolis is to generate the presence of Christ in the community through the practice of mutual and constant charity. "For where two or three come together in my name, there am I with them" (Mt. 18:20). Several Mariapolises take place every summer in many countries all over the world. In 1979, seventy-seven Mariapolises were held with the total participation of over 80,000 people.

Las Vegas, New Mexico
June 22, after supper
June 28, after breakfast

NORTHWEST MARIAPOLIS
St. Martin's College
Lacey, Washington
July 20, after supper
July 26, after breakfast

EAST COAST MARIAPOLIS
Alfred University
Alfred, N.Y.
August 3, after supper
August 9, after breakfast

3 3

Terms of payment

Registration fee is required for all participants over 17 years of age. See prices in the back. Please note deadlines for registration and accommodation fees under specification for each Mariapolis.

Cancellations in writing mailed the latest 8 days before the beginning of each Mariapolis, will receive full refund.
After this date money is transferable to another person but not refundable.

Daily rates available for those not attending the whole week.

Young people 17 years of age and under should register using the same form even though fee is not required.

YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS

PLACE STAMP HERE

FOCOLARE MOVEMENT—MARIAPOLIS
P. O. Box 496
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

2

Children under three years of age do not pay accommodation fee; parents should bring sleeping bags or cribs for them. If a be is desired, see rate for children three years and up.

Young people under 18 years of age unaccompanied by a parent must have a permission slip signed by a parent.

We cannot provide accommodations prio to the beginning or after the ending of the Mariapolises.

Priests should bring their own alb and stole for concelebration.

Pets are not allowed in dormitories.

Trailers permitted only at the Northwest Mariapolis. Participants planning to come with trailers should write for rates and conditions.

Special services provided:

Children's Program - Nursery facilities

To register for the 1980 Mariapolis please fill in the registration form on the reverse side.
For your convenience this page can be transformed into an envelope as indicated to the right.

1. Tear off page
2. Cut along dotted lines.
3. Fold back lines nos. 1 and 2.
4. Fold back line no. 3
5. Fold flap over.

Before filling out this **REGISTRATION FORM**
please read carefully detailed information
on both sides of the form

SOUTHWEST MARIAPOLIS

Las Vegas, New Mexico
June 22, after supper – June 28, after breakfast

Fees	Children ages 3-12	Youth ages 13-17	Single persons	Married couples
Registration	$ ___	$ ___	$ 35.00	$ 50.00
Accommodations	$ 60.00	$130.00	$130.00	$260.00

Registration fee due by **May 26**
Accommodation fee due by **June 9**

Simultaneous translations:
SPANISH ☐
(Please check if needed)

I/We will attend the Southwest Mariapolis ☐

NORTHWEST MARIAPOLIS

Lacey, Washington
July 20, after supper – July 26, after breakfast

Fees	Children ages 3-12	Youth ages 13-17	Single persons	Married couples
Registration	$ ___	$ ___	$ 35.00	$ 50.00
Accommodations	$ 60.00	$130.00	$130.00	$260.00

Registration fee due by **June 30**
Accommodation fee due by **July 7**

I/We will attend the Northwest Mariapolis ☐

EAST COAST MARIAPOLIS

Alfred, New York
August 3, after supper – August 9, after breakfast

Fees	Children ages 3-12	Youth ages 13-17	Single persons	Mar cou
Registration	$ ___	$ ___	$ 35.00	$ 5
Accommodations	$ 60.00	$130.00	$130.00	$26

Registration fee due by **July 7**
Accommodation fee due by **July 21**

Simultaneous translations:
F RENCH ☐ SPANISH ☐ ITALIAN
(Please check if needed)

I/We will attend the East Coast Mariapolis ☐

NAME/S OF PARTICIPANTS	CHILDREN ages 3-12	YOUTH ages 13-17	ADULTS
	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐
	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐
	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐
	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐
	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐
	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐	M ☐ F ☐

ADDRESS: _____ (Street) _____ (City)

_____ (State) _____ (Zip) _____ (Tel.)

REGISTRATION/S: ___ single persons $ _____ couple $ _____ Total $ ___

ACCOMMODATIONS: _____ children $ _____ adults and youth over 12 $ _____ Total $ ___

Amount enclosed:
(Please make check payable to Focolare Movement in US$) $ ___

DAY OF ARRIVAL: _____ breakfast ☐ lunch ☐ dinner ☐

I will come by car and can offer _____ number of seats.

What is the Focolare Movement?

THE BEGINNINGS

The Focolare Movement began in 1943, in Italy. Chiara Lubich, with a small group of girls, realized in the midst of the total destruction of World War II, that God is the only one worth living for. Hence they began to place the Gospel in the center of their lives. The testament of Jesus became their Ideal: "That all may be one...that the world may know that you have sent me, and that you have loved them as you have loved me..." (Jn. 17,23). The life lived by these first girls, the spiritual way they spontaneously followed, gave rise to a form of spirituality proper to the Focolare Movement. It represents a powerful means of introducing the Gospel into modern life.

WHO ARE THE FOCOLARINI

The name "Focolarini" takes its origin from the Italian word "fire" and suggests the idea of "carriers of fire."

Single men and women live in separate communities called Focolare Centers. Their principal aim is to achieve unity among themselves through mutual charity practiced twenty-four hours a day. They follow the evangelical counsels of poverty, chastity, and obedience. They work as other lay men and women in regular jobs and professions.

Some married persons, even though continuing to live in their families, participate fully in the life of either the men's or women's Focolare Centers in their common effort to achieve this same unity. They are called "Married Focolarini."

THE VOLUNTEERS

The Volunteers, who are also called the "Volunteers of God," would like to transform all human realities according to the Gospel spirit. For this reason they remain in their jobs and in their professions in order to vivify them with this spirit.

Their aim is to help form a society made of men and women who are made "new" by the Gospel message and who can then bring new life to all fields of human activity (education, business, etc.). This results in new social relationships which, in turn, lead to the realization of new structures of society.

THE LARGEST MEMBERSHIP

The largest membership of the Movement is made up of men, women, and young people of all social conditions who are free of any formal ties with it. Their bond of unity stems from their free and willing acceptance of its spirit. They keep in touch with the Movement and with one another through large or small gatherings, publications, correspondence, and personal contact.

People with other commitments, even those bound to religious institutions, can form part of the Movement too because the Movement exists wherever its spirit is lived. People of non-Christian religions are also counted among the Movement's friends. Also those who owe no allegiance to any faith are often attracted by one or another of the Movement's aspects.

GEN

The new generations of the Focolare Movement form another Movement or, better, three movements: the Gen 2, the Gen 3 and the Gen 4 Movements, divided according to their various age groups. "Gen" stands for new generation.

Thousands of young people all over the world have been attracted by the spirituality of unity. Their number continues to grow.

At the core of this large group of youth, are Gen who have committed themselves to living the Gospel message of love. The Gen use all possible means to share with other youth the conviction they have that the Gospel is the answer to every question and the motive for everything they do.

spirituality

chiara lubich

when did we see you, lord?

The extraordinary dignity of every person, each individual's capacity for the infinite, and the need to discover God in our fellow human beings are some of the recurring themes here. The question, "Who is my neighbor?" is answered in the light of the Old and New Testaments, and in terms of our relationship with other Christians, with members of other religions, and with non-believers. Reflecting on the more than thirty-five years of experience of the Focolare Movement, the author describes how, by loving others, people can move from lives that are meaningless and empty to lives that are full and, in a real sense, divine.

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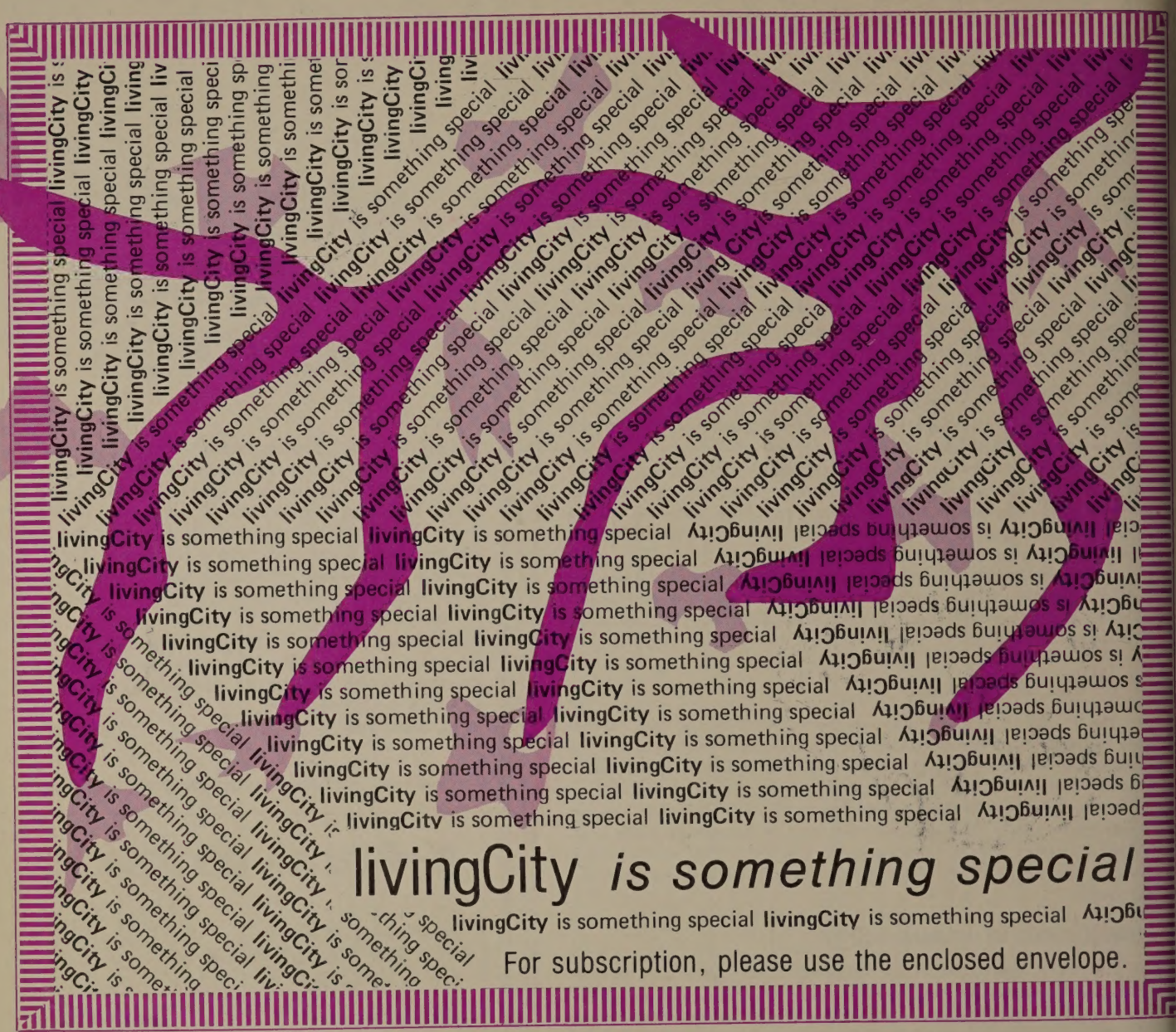
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